

1487. e. 34

THE
WORDS
OF THE FAVOURITE
CATCHES and GLEES,

WHICH WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE - ROYAL

IN THE
HAY - MARKET.

BEING COMPOSED, FOR THAT PURPOSE,

By Dr. A R N E.



N. B. This Book is entered according
to the Act of Parliament, and who-
ever shall presume to print or publish
any Part thereof, will be prosecuted.

A S H O R T

P R E F A C E,

F O R T H E

Information of those Persons, who have
not been acquainted with this Kind
of Music.

A CATCH is that species of composition, in which
the words and music are so contrived, that the
sense of one line catches on, or plays into that of an-
other; and, by so doing, conveys a meaning and hu-
mour, which did not occur in the cursory reading.

A Glee, in the Scotch acceptation, implies something
cheerful, as in the well-known song,

“ With tuneful pipe, and merry glee,

“ Young Jocky won my heart.”

But, not to be too strict on productions of genius, the
Right Honourable, the Honourable, and other Most
Respectable Members of the Catch-Club, in their de-
cision on the merit of the compositions, which lay

claim to the prize-medals, have generously extended the appellation of Glee to every composition, in three or four Parts, which is not contrived in the manner of a Catch.

These kinds of entertainment (in the time of Mr. Henry Purcell) were so much in fashion, that in most polite families, after dinner and supper, it was a custom to lay the choicest collection of catches and glees on the table, and thought a deficiency of education in those, who could not readily perform a part.

If the poetry of one or two of the ancient Catches should not bear a critical examination, the Reader is requested to consider, that they were written, with a more particular regard to the music, which will probably make them amply amends.

CATCHES

CATCHES and GLEES.

A NEW GRAND OVERTURE,

By Dr. A R N E.

CATCH the First. By the Same.

The FAMILY QUARREL.

The HUSBAND, WIFE, and FRIEND.

F R I E N D.

GOOD neighbours be quiet, let me part the fray,
Come, kiss, and be friends, drive discord away.

W I F E.

He's a puppy, an ass, a poor frip'ry Jack,
That gives me no victuals, nor cloaths to my back.

H U S B A N D.

Oh you vixen, you brawler, how dare you to rail?
If this be the case, I must lock up my ale.

W I F E.

Ay, fasten the door, and pocket the key,
I can get ale abroad, for you shan't lock up me.

This Catch gained a golden prize-medal in the year 1764.

GLEE

GLEE the First. Elegiac.

By Mr. NORRIS.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE ROYAL
HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

O'E R William's tomb, with love and grief oppress,
 Britannia mourns her hero, now at rest :
 Not tears alone, but praises too she gives,
 Due to the guardian of our laws and lives ;
 Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,
 Whose leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.

C A T C H the Second.

By Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS FRIEND.

F R I E N D.

SOLDIER, soldier, take off your wine,
 And shake your locks, as I shake mine.

S O L D I E R.

How can I my poor locks shake,
 Who have but ten hairs on my pate,
 And one of them must go for tythe,
 So there remain but four and five :

F R I E N D.

Four and five, why they make nine ;
 Then take off yur drink, as I take mine.

CATCH

C A T C H the Third. Italian.

By Mr. GIARDINI.

THREE ITALIAN GENTLEMEN, OVER
A BOTTLE.

<i>Together.</i>	B EVIAMO tutti tré,	
<i>First Gent.</i>	Uno alla volta.	
<i>Second Gent.</i>	Voglio bene.	
<i>Third Gent.</i>	Signor, sì.	
<i>First Gent.</i>	Vé.	
<i>Second and Third.</i>	Viva, viva! Bravo, bravo.	} <i>alternate.</i>
<i>First Gent.</i>	Obligato, Signori miei.	
<i>All Together.</i>	Oh che gusto star allegri, E bever del bon vin.	

E N G L I S H E D.

<i>Together.</i>	L ET all three drink!	
<i>First Gent.</i>	One at a time.	
<i>Second Gent.</i>	With all my heart.	
<i>Third Gent.</i>	Oh, by all means.	
<i>First Gent.</i>	Here goes.	
<i>Second and Third.</i>	Live for ever, Bravo, bravo!	} <i>alternate.</i>
<i>First Gent.</i>	Gentlemen your most obliged.	
<i>Together.</i>	Oh, what joy in mirth to join, And toff off bumpers of good wine.	

GLÉE

GLEE the Second. Anacreontic.

By Mr. BAILDON.

PRITHEE, friend, fill t'other pipe,
 Fie for shame don't let us part,
 Just when wit is brisk and ripe,
 Rais'd by wine's all powerful art.
 Who, but fools would thus retire
 To their drowsy sleepy bed!
 Drawer—heap with coals the fire,
 Bring us t'other flask of red,
 Foot to foot then let us drink,
 'Till things double to our view;
 Pleasure then 'twill be to think
 One full bumper looks like two.
 Fill, my friend, then fill your glafs,
 Why should we at cares repine?
 Mis'ry crowns the sober ass;
 Happiness, the man of wine.

END OF THE FIRST INTERLUDE

INTER-

INTERLUDE the Second.

CATCH the First.

By Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

JACK, thou'rt a toper, let's have t'other quart;
 Ring, ring---we're so sober, 'twere shame to depart.
 Who, but a cuckold, bullied by his wife,
 For coming late, fears a domestic strife?
 I'm free, and so are you, to call and knock;
 The watchman cries past two o'clock.

The words of this last Catch are said to be written by Mr. Purcell, wherein, it is obvious, that he meant no elegance, with regard to the poetry; but made it entirely subservient to his extreme pretty design in the music.

GLEE the First.

By Mr. THOMAS WHEELKS.

THE nightingale, sweet organ of delight,
 The nimble lark, the black-bird and the thrush,
 With all the pretty choristers of flight,
 That chaunt their music notes on every bush,
 Let them no more contend who shall excel;
 The cuckoo is the bird that bears the belle.

This Glee was composed in the year 1608, which is 164 years past. The mastership and genius of this production may serve as a specimen of music at that time.

GLEE the Second. Anacreontic.

By Mr. B A I L D O N.

W H E N gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest;
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad sing.

Ivy wreaths my temple shade,
Ivy, that will never fade;
Thus I sit, in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of state.

Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler transport Bacchus yields——
Fill the bowl——I ever said,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

*This Glee gained a golden prize-medal in the year
1766.*

GLEE

GLEE the Third.

By Dr. ARNE.

ON CHLOE SLEEPING.

HUSH to peace each ruder wind!
 Purling rills in silence roll,
 While, on rosy bed reclin'd,
 Sleeps the charmer of my soul.
 Chaste Diana, watch my treasure,
 Guard her beauty from alarms,
 Let no satyr's brutal pleasure
 Dare invade her blooming charms.
 I, thy soldier, must away;
 Then adieu, thou lovely fair:
 Should'st thou wake, and bid me stay,
 Courage wou'd dissolve to air.

The favourite song in Artaxerxes, beginning, "Water parted from the sea," was, at the Earl of E———'s particular desire, taken by the doctor for the subject of this Glee, and set for different voices, the words being new written to the measure of the music.

C A T C H the Second.

By Dr. ALDRIDGE, Dean of Christ-Church,
Oxford.

HArk the bonny Christ-Church bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
They sound so woundy great, so wond'rous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily :
Hark, the first and second bell,
That ev'ry day at four and ten,
Cries, come, come, come, come, come, to pray'rs,
And the verger trips before the dean :
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the little tiny bell,
That calls the beerers home ;
But the de'l a man will leave his can,
'Till he hears the mighty Tom.

END OF THE SECOND INTERLUDE.

INTER-

INTERLUDE the Third.

CATCH the First.

By Dr. ARNE.

The STREET INTRIGUE.

A RAKE, AN ALE-HOUSE WOMAN, AND
HER DAUGHTER.

R A K E.

H A R K you, my dear! come hither,
Afford me a moment's delay——
Where wou'd you run, say whither?
Shall you and I go to the play?
Nay don't be afraid——
Come, come, you jade,
Before the gallery's full;
The play is fine,
And the pantomime,
Europa astride on a bull.

DAUGHTER.

D A U G H T E R.

O fie, Sir ;---I can't, Sir ;---Lord ! what will the neighbours say ?

They'll all tell my mother, I went with a man to the play.

Let me be gone----I tremble----excuse me, I now must retreat :

Or else, be chidden and pinch'd and drubb'd for talking with you in the street.

M O T H E R.

So, mistress minx, have I caught you !

Heyday ! what doings are here !

Come home, you slut, 'od rot you !

And draw my customers beer——

Sir, loosen her hand,

And go to the Strand,

The market for impudent whores——

If e'er she flirts it with you again,

I'll turn her out of my doors.

This last Catch was written and composed in the year 1763, soon after the institution of the Catch Club, and not put in for a prize medal ; but, with due humility, presented to the members.

CATCH the Second and Last.

By the same.

Question. WHICH is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Answer. Each is the properest day, I think—
Why shou'd we name but one day?

Question. Tell me but yours, I'll mention my day---
Let us but fix on some day?

Answer. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

*This last Catch gained a golden prize-medal in the year
1765.*

The Last Glee and Grand Chorus.

By the same.

PUNCH THE MEDIUM OF LIFE.

YOU ask me, dear Jack, for on emblem that's rife,
And clearly explains the true medium of life;
I think I have hit it as sure as a gun,
For a bowl of good punch and the medium are one.

When lemon and sugar so happily meet,
The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet;
The water and spirit so luckily blend,
That each from th' extreme does the other defend.

Then fill up the bowl, rot sorrow and strife;
A bumper, my boys——To the medium of life,
Which keeps our frail state in a temper that's meet,
Contented in blending the sour with the sweet.

F I N I S.



